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LASS OF LIMERICK TOWN

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THE LASS OF LIMERICK TOWN

A Romantic Comic Opera

in

Two Acts



Written and Composed by

ARTHUR A. PENN

Author and Composer of "Yokohama Maid," Etc.

Vocal Score and Libretto, complete \$1.50

Separate Vocal Numbers, each30

Stage Director's Book75

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CAST.

SIR CHARLES WORTHINGTON (light tenor)	An English Squire
CAPT. POMEROY WORTHINGTON (tenor)	His Son
LADY WORTHINGTON (contralto)	His Wife
BETTY MCCOY	} (sopranos)	Cousins, wards of the Judge
ROSE MCCOY		
JUDGE HOOLEY (bass or baritone)	The Guardian
JUSTIN O'FLYNN (baritone)	An Amorous Attorney
MRS. O'FLYNN (contralto)	His Mother
EZRA Q. HICKS (light baritone)	An Elderly Yankee Farmer
PAT (baritone)	An Inn-keeper
MIKE (light baritone)	An ostler
MOLLY (mezzo)	A Waitress
MR. SMITH (tenor)	The Coachman
MR. PARTINGTON (baritone)	The Butler
CHORUS of Villagers, Guests, Men Servants, Etc.		

ACT I. Outside the "King's Head" Inn, Limerick, Ireland.
(A Week Elapses)

ACT II. The Entrance Hall of Judge Hooley's Home, Limerick.
TIME—Early Summer in the year 1890.

MUSICAL NUMBERS.

ACT I.

OVERTURE—

1. OPENING CHORUS "*Lads and Lassies*"
(b) SONG (Pat) "*I am the Landlord*"
(c) CHORUS "*As We Drink to Your Health*"
2. SONG (Mike) "*Molly Mine*"
3. DUET (Judge Hooley and Rose) "*Tick-tock*"
4. SONG (Rose) "*Was Ever Fate so Cruel as Mine?*"
5. CHORUS "*Betty is a Darling*"
6. SONG (Betty and Chorus) "*Betty McCoy*"
7. DUET (Betty and Rose) "*Wealth and Poverty*"
8. QUINTET (Betty, Rose, Mrs. O'Flynn, Justin and Judge Hooley),
..... "*Hey-diddle-diddle, Oh, Here is a Riddle*"
9. TRIO (Judge Hooley, Justin and Mrs. O'Flynn) "*What Fun!*"
10. SONG (Capt. Worthington) "*Ireland Dear, My Heart's For You*"
11. CHORUS "*Watch Him Greet His Bride-to-be*"
12. DUET (Capt. Worthington and Betty) "*Your Eyes are Bright*"
13. FINALE ACT I. "*Oh, Mr. O'Flynn*"

ACT II.

14. OPENING SOLOS and CHORUS "*'Tis Nine O'Clock*"
15. TRIO (Rose, Betty and Capt. Worthington) "*'Tis the Heart*"
16. SONG (Capt. Worthington) "*Come Back, Beloved*"
17. SONG (Judge Hooley and Chorus) "*Maggie Maguire*"
18. ENSEMBLE "*Sir Charles and Lady*"
19. DUET (Sir Charles and Lady Worthington) "*Youth Undutiful*"
20. SONG (Ezra Q. Hicks) "*A Farmer's Life*"
21. DUET and FINALE "*I Love You, Little Sweetheart*"

ACT I.

ide the "King's Head" Inn, Limerick. The Inn is shown on the Right
th main door and small porch enclosing it. A signboard hangs over
The background is a stretch of pastures with distant hills. Opposite
loor, etc., of a house occupied by the O'Flynn's. When the curtain

risers, the townsfolk are discovered having a good time, for it is a holiday. The members of the Chorus should, during the singing of the Opening Number, display plenty of movement. Some of them should come in and out of the Inn door.)

No. 1—OPENING CHORUS

Lads and lassies play together,
This is a holiday;
Skies are bluer, hearts are truer,
Troubles fewer. Say!
When it's fine and sunny weather,
Limerick Town is gay:
All together, now, hip hooray!
Bless the weather, that's what we say.
Summer's coming to Limerick Town,
Winter's gone with its ugly frown.
In the bright sunshine we will merrily sing.
Lads and lassies, come out and play
On this jolly old holiday;
Ev'rybody be glad and gay!
Time soon passes,
So, lads and lassies,
Now dance,—ah, dance!

(Dance)

(Enter Pat, followed by Mike, from Inn door)

PAT. Good morning, folks, I give you hearty greetings!

MIKE I wonder if that's all he's going to give 'em?

PAT

I am the landlord of this inn,
And I'm a generous fellow.
To celebrate we'll now begin
With ale that's mild and mellow.

(to Mike) Go fetch the tankards from the bar

And fill them to the top, sir.
They tell me that some folk there are
Who never touch a drop, sir!

(Mike goes in)

Chorus

A drop, sir! A drop, sir!
They never touch a drop, sir!
Weak tea is all they ever drink,
Unless it's ginger-pop, sir!

(Enter Mike with tankards which he distributes)

PAT

I am the landlord and I think
That I'm a generous fellow.
This is my treat,—so all may drink
My health in ale that's mellow.

(to audience) The solemn truth I can't deny,
(This is the way I skin 'em!)
Those tankards wouldn't hurt a fly,
Because there's nothing in 'em!

Chorus

As we drink to your health and your wealth, good sir,
We are quick to see
Your generosity.

And we think that our thirst at its worst, good sir,
Will be satisfied

Altho' there's not a drop inside!
Lads and lassies, play together, etc.

PAT. Now get a move on yez, Mike! Take thim tankards in an' rinse 'em at the kitchen sink.

MIKE. Rinse the tankards, bedad! I'm an ostler, I am, and don't get paid fer washin' annything save the hosses' fate!

PAT. Molly will help yez.

MIKE. Thin it's me fer the tankards!

(*He collects them and carries them into the Inn. Enter Mrs. O'Flynn and Justin from door of house, L.*)

PAT. Ah, Mrs. O'Flynn! 'Tis bright an' smilin' like the mornin' ye are. An' you, Mr. O'Flynn, can't the sunshine hatch out a smile on *your* face, such a day as this?

JUSTIN. Alas, good inn-keeper! How can I smile when a gnawing canker is forever eating away the cockles of me heart?

MRS. O'FLYNN. Stuff an' nonsense! I niver did see the likes of such a lover! Melancholy an' mopin' an' downcast! Ye'll niver win her *that* way!

JUSTIN (*gloomily*). She thinks it's her money I'm after.

MRS. O'FLYNN. Well, an' aren't you a successful attorney at that? Didn't ye jist win yer twenty-third suit in the County Court?

JUSTIN. Would that I could win my suit in the Court of Cupid as easily as I win them in the County Court! (*He exits into Inn.*)

MRS. O'FLYNN. Poor lad! He's gettin' discouraged, an' a discouraged lover is the most discouragin' thing to have around one I know.

PAT. It's hard to win a girl with money, Mrs. O'Flynn, an' Rose McCoy would be hard to win *without* it, I'm thinkin'. But come an' let me show you me new pet. He's tied up in the backyard.

MRS. O'FLYNN. Another dog, Pat?

PAT. Aye, an' the biggest Norwegian fish-hound ye ivver set eyes on! Jist got him from abroad. (*Looks at eager crowd*). Aye, ye can all come an' take a look if ye'll promise not to tread on me radishes!

(*Pat takes Mrs. O'Flynn's arm and they go into Inn, followed by the crowd, some of whom use exit R. 3.*)

(*Enter Mike and Molly, R. 3*)

MOLLY. Ye're a dandy dish-washer, Mike!

MIKE. If ye'll only marry me, Molly mine, I'll wash *all* the dishes for yez!

MOLLY. What a hero ye are, Mike! Washin' dishes is the curse o' married life!

MIKE. Well, thin, Molly, I'll take the curse upon me! Only say the word, Molly mine!

No. 2. SONG (*Mike*)

Me heart is palpitatin', Molly mine,

Against me ribs 'tis batin', Molly mine!

I cannot sleep o' nights at all,

For thinkin' of what might befall

If you should keep me waitin', Molly mine!

Molly mine, Molly mine,

That's what you ought to be!

Mine alone, all my own,

Wedded for life to me,

Oh, such a wife to me!

Molly mine, Molly mine,

Dainty, demure, divine!

Oh, tell me true—say that you

Will be Molly mine!

I cannot eat me dinner, Molly mine;

They say I'm gettin' thinner, Molly mine!

I've often said, "'Tis very plain

I'd soon be quite mesilf again,

If only I could win her!" Molly mine!

(*Exeunt Molly and Mike to Inn*)

(*Enter Judge Hooley and Rose, L. 3*)

ROSE. But, Mr. Hooley, it is all so romantic, and you know I *hate* romance!

HOOLEY. True, my dear, true. But it cannot be helped. The Captain

came of age last week, and, by the terms of a death-bed pact, it seems he is obliged to marry you!

ROSE. Marry, indeed! Why *should* I marry? I've never yet seen the man that I'd marry!

HOOLEY. That is literally and figuratively true, my love. But you will see the Captain very shortly. He is due today, if I mistake not.

ROSE. He will be sorry he came!

HOOLEY (*looking at her admiringly*). You do yourself an injustice, my dear!

ROSE. Isn't there any way out of it? Can't we destroy the papers or something desperate like that?

HOOLEY. There *are* no papers! Simply a promise. The Captain's father promised his old friend, *your* father, when that same father of yours lay dying, that his son—the Captain—should marry *you* just as soon as the son came of age. You can destroy papers, my dear, but *not* a promise! So there you are, and you had better make up your mind to make the best of it.

ROSE. The best of it! That's the *worst* of it!

HOOLEY. After all, Capt. Pomeroy Worthington may prove a highly desirable husband.

ROSE (*scornfully*). Who ever heard of a highly desirable husband? They're only *that* before they ever *become* husbands! As for this Capt. Pomeroy Worthington, he's after my money, that's what *he* is! I wish that American rich uncle of mine had left his old money to an art gallery or something! Why *did* he leave it to me and not to cousin Betty, Mr. Hooley?

HOOLEY. Ah! It was a narrow escape, my dear! You see he left it all to the elder of his two nieces, and *you* happened to be the unfortunate victim!

ROSE. But Betty's birthday and mine are both on the same day and we were born in the same year!

No. 3. DUET (*Rose and Hooley*)

HOOLEY

In eighteen-hundred and seventy-two,
The twenty-fourth of May,
There were two charming babies who
Were born that self-same day.

ROSE

And one was cousin Betty?

HOOLEY

Yes! 'Tis just as you suppose!

ROSE

The other new arrival was—

HOOLEY

Yourself, my charming Rose!
But you were born at five o'clock,
'Tis thus Fate plays her tricks!
Your cousin Betty was delayed
Until the clock struck six!

TOGETHER

Tick-tock, tick-tock,
One-two-three-four-five!
Tick-tock, tick-tock,
Five saw (*you*) arrive!
Tick-tock, tick-tock,
Here's the point that sticks:
There was just a diff'rence petty
'Twixt (*yourself*) and cousin Betty,
(*myself*)
For Betty didn't show herself till six!
(*Enter Justin from Inn*)

HOOLEY. Ah, Mr. O'Flynn, resting today, I suppose!

ROSE. That pest of an attorney again!

JUSTIN. The law never rests, Mr. Hooley, so why should I? The law—but (*looking at Rose*)—this is no place for legal reflections!

HOOLEY (*aside*). I hope his reflections in regard to this young lady are legal, anyway; but his looks misgive me! (*To the others*) Well, young people, I must be going. Rose, I will be back soon. Entertain Mr. O'Flynn.

(*Hooley exits R. 3*)

JUSTIN. Ah, yes! If you cannot entertain my proposals, at least be charitable and try and entertain *me*!

ROSE (*scornfully*). Why do you persist in pestering *me* with your attentions, Mr. O'Flynn? Don't you know I am already betrothed?

JUSTIN. Alas, yes! But there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip! You, who have rejected me so often, can surely reject your unseen affianced *once*! At least, let me continue to hope!

ROSE. That favor I cannot withhold. But I tell you your hope is hopeless. Now, go! (*Justin starts off*). Wait, I need your advice! (*He stops hopefully*). I will pay you for it.

JUSTIN. Pay me! Oh, cruel!

ROSE (*coldly*). It is legal advice I seek. Can you break a will?

JUSTIN. I *have* done such things.

ROSE. Oh, bother, I forgot. This isn't a case of a *will*. It's a *promise*. Can you break a *promise*?

JUSTIN. Not to *you*!

ROSE. Was there *ever* such a man? I want you to break a promise that was made by somebody *else* and that is causing *me* a great deal of annoyance. Can you *do* it?

JUSTIN. I—I—I don't understand—

ROSE. A pretty lawyer you are! (*Impatiently*). How much do I owe you for this consultation?

(*Justin, with a gesture of despair, exits L. 2*)

No. 4. SONG (*Rose*)

Was ever fate so cruel as mine?

My feelings I can't master.

Some wicked influence malign

Seems leading to disaster.

Oh, cousin Betty! Would that she

Were but a few hours older,—

She'd bear these trials cheerfully,

As I have often told her!

The poets write in reams and reams of measured rhyme

Of love and duty, and faith and beauty.

They seem to spend most of their efforts and their time

On themes romantic that drive me frantic.

Their heroes always "steal a heart away,"—

Which fits my own case nicely.

I have no heart to give to anyone,

(That states the truth precisely!)

If ever heart was stole away,

Ere love had time to tame it,—

That heart is mine, and come what may,

I still intend to claim it.

If Captain Pomeroy I wed,

I'll see that he's arrested

For thus receiving stolen goods,—

He'll not go unmolested!

(*recit.*) But, hark! I hear the crowd approaching.

I'll never let them see that I am worried.

Ah! 'Tis cousin Betty!

(*Music.* Enter Chorus, Betty in their midst. She runs forward to Rose in greeting.)

No. 5. CHORUS

Betty is a darling, Betty's full of fun,

Betty has a pair of eyes that smile on ev'ryone!

Betty's so good-natured, she never wears a frown,

Betty is the one and only lass of Limerick Town!

- (Men only) Ev'ry man among us, ev'ry single boy,
Wants to marry Betty, sweet little Betty McCoy!
(Girls only) If you marry Betty, what will become of us?
(Men only) None of us can marry Betty, so girls, don't make a fuss!

Omnes.

Betty is a darling, Betty's full of fun, Etc.

No. 6. SONG (*Betty and Chorus*)

I've a big reputation for much animation,
They say I am never at rest;
I've even heard rumors that most of my humors
Are the kind that most people like best!
Folks all like me around 'em, that's 'cause I have found 'em
Agreeable and pleasant to me;
Oh, it's easy to get on with folks who are set on
Contriving how sweet they can be!
Still, I'm glad that I'm Betty McCoy

Chorus —McCoy!

I'm glad I'm a girl, not a boy!

Chorus —a boy!

"I love you, mavourneen!" said someone this mornin',
To hear 'em just say it was joy!

Chorus —Joy, joy!

Life isn't all sunny, or honey, or money,
In gold there is often alloy!

But enjoy all the zest of it, just make the best of it!

Chorus Good for you, Betty McCoy!

(*Chorus repeats*)

Chorus (*last time*) So says Miss Betty McCoy!

(*Exeunt Chorus*)

ROSE. Betty, dear, I'm so glad you are here at last! Betty dear, I'm in frightful distress. I'm going to get married!

BETTY. Oh, you *poor* thing!

ROSE. Captain Pomeroy Worthington is due almost at any moment. They say he has *got* to marry me!

BETTY. Poor fellow!

ROSE (*with rising inflection*). "*Poor fellow*"!

BETTY (*hastily*). I mean it's a shame you should have to marry somebody you don't care a rap about!

ROSE. Why, lots of husbands I know don't care a rap about their wives.

BETTY. But that's because they *are* their wives. They didn't feel that way about them *before* they were their wives!

ROSE. What are we—what am *I* going to do?

BETTY (*after a pause*). I have it! Let's change places. You be me and I'll be you!

ROSE. That isn't a bit original.

BETTY. I know it isn't. That's why the plan will probably succeed. You see, if *I* pretend to be *you*, he'll think *I* have the money, and of course, he'll fall in love with *me*!

ROSE. But what about *you*? You haven't seen him, either!

BETTY. What difference does that make? I *haven't* seen him, true! And if love really makes one blind, why, I never shall!

ROSE. The plan sounds feasible. I hate to do these stagey things, but I suppose there's no help for it.

BETTY. Remember, then, Rose, from this moment *I* am Rose and *you* are Betty. *I* have the money, and *you* have the inestimable privilege and pleasure of being a rank pauper!

ROSE (*ecstatically*). Ah, blessed poverty!

No. 7. DUET (*Betty and Rose*)

BETTY Behold in me a rich lady!
 The gallants all will soon be kneeling at my feet!
 ROSE In me you see grim poverty;
 This sudden metamorphosis is quite complete!
 BETTY Most people that I've met are always worrying about
 Just how they'll spend the legacy they pray for.
 That's a problem I shan't try to solve,
 For on my husband will devolve
 The pleasant task of spending all I pay for!
 BOTH Oh, a lack of humor surely you display
 If you're stuck up because you're rich!
 For when with money you are blessed,
 You seldom get a moment's rest,
 Altho' to spend it all you simply itch!
 But you can't make up your mind to
 Spend it wisely, and you find, too,
 That it doesn't buy the things you want the most;—
 Whereas folks who're penniless
 Never suffer such distress,—
 What they *owe*, not what they *have*, is all their boast!
 (DANCE)

(*Enter Judge Hooley, Mrs. O'Flynn and Justin*)

HOOLEY. Ah, girls! Here you are together! Betty's smile, I see, is infectious; for you, too, look happy, Rose!

BETTY. Why, am I not *usually* happy?

HOOLEY. Of course you are, my love. I was addressing myself to Rose, not you!

BETTY. But I *am* Rose, sir!

ROSE. And I, sir—at your service!—am Betty!

MRS. O'FLYNN. Hoity, toity! What are we coming to? Surely their heads are not turned!

JUSTIN. I much fear a plot. *What*, in the language of the bar, is their little game?

HOOLEY. As usual, Mr. O'Flynn, you have summed the situation up with the nicety of a truly legal mind! My dears,—(*turning to Rose and Betty*)—what is your little game?

No. 8. QUINTET (*Betty, Rose, Mrs. O'Flynn, Hooley and Justin*)

ALL Hey-diddle-diddle, oh, here is a riddle,—
 Can any one guess at the answer?
 Such plain contradiction resembles the fiction
 Of some literary romancer!
 These mixed-up relations require lots of patience,
 But doubtless there's sense at the bottom;
 Many answers to puzzles demand mental tussles,
 Though they're simple as day when you've got 'em!
 HOOLEY My charming wards, I do implore—
 MRS. O'FLYNN They make me sore!
 JUSTIN What's all this for?
 HOOLEY Won't you explain this mystery?
 MRS. O'FLYNN It's Greek to me!
 JUSTIN As you may see!
 ROSE They seem quite hopelessly nonplussed!
 BETTY Explain we must!
 ROSE 'Tis only just!
 BETTY We have really no objection
 & ROSE To explain in this connection,

For there's nothing in our scheme you need distrust!
 Rose is Betty and Betty is Rose,
 That's the secret we now disclose.

ROSE I'm poor Betty 'cause I don't itch
 To be married just because I'm rich!

BETTY I am Rose, with her bank account,
 Simply to make the Captain mount
 High on the ladder of expectancy,
 Thinking, poor fellow, that he'll marry me!

HOOLEY, MRS. O'FLYNN
 & JUSTIN Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!
 Clever little girlies, to be sure!
 Such a plan was never tried before!

ROSE Please remember I am Bet!

BETTY I am Rose,—now, don't forget!

ALL We must never that important fact ignore!
 Fact ignore! Nevermore!
 Ha, ha, ha, ha!

HOOLEY Haw! haw! haw!

ALL Clever little girlies, to be sure.
 Such a plan was never tried before!

(business) Rose is Betty and Betty is Rose,—
 That's the way the story goes!

BETTY. It's all perfectly simple!

ROSE. And it is all simply perfect!

MRS. O'FLYNN. I think it is all perfectly *disgraceful*!

JUSTIN. Why, mother, it isn't as bad as that. Perhaps Rose will marry me, after all, now that she is poor!

ROSE (with a toss of her head). Just because I'm a poor girl doesn't prove that I'm a poor chooser, Mr. O'Flynn.

JUSTIN. Crushed again!

HOOLEY. Well, it beats me! And so you think the Captain will fall in love with Betty, do you?

ROSE. He will naturally devote all his attention to her, even if he doesn't fall in love with her!

BETTY. Yes. He *has* to, you see. He'll think I'm Rose, and it's Rose he is promised to! Moreover, as Rose has the money, that settles it. Oh, yes,—he's bound to fall in love with Rose!

MRS. O'FLYNN. Artful girl! (*Aside*) I wonder if she really *does* mean Rose!

ROSE. Come on, "Rose"! We had best be preparing to meet this gay adventurer!

BETTY. Ha, ha! Come on, then, "Betty"! What fun!

(Betty and Rose run off, laughing, R. 3. The other three stand staring at each other.)

JUSTIN (lugubriously). Ha, ha! What fun!

MRS. O'FLYNN (scornfully). Hee, hee! What fun!

HOOLEY (doubtfully). Ho, ho! What fun!

No. 9. TRIO (Hooley, Justin and Mrs. O'Flynn)

It's a world of contradictions and of paradoxes, too;

Youth is foolish, youth is wise,

Youth sees things with different eyes.

Age is often foolish also, but 'tis mostly serious,

And the ways of younger folk sometimes seem mysterious!

Oh, when eyes are dimming fast with age,
 When the turning gray's begun,
 They look ahead with a sort of dread,
 But the young folks cry, "What fun!"
 Oh, happy, happy Youth that always
 Trouble seems to shun,—
 Age envies you, and wishes, too,
 That it could say, "What fun!"

(DANCE and Exeunt, L. 1)

(Enter Capt. Pomeroy Worthington, L. 3)

POM. So this is Limerick Town! And that's the Inn! Good! I like an inn. Makes things sociable. This is a queer errand I'm on, and I'm not so sure that I like it. The fact is, I don't *want* to get married. What have I ever done that I should be afflicted with a wife? A wife's an affliction and, in my case, an infliction as well! What if Rose is cross-eyed and pug-nosed? What if the only thing that is beautiful about her is her bank account? And yet I cannot believe that in a country as beautiful as Ireland, there can be any but pretty girls! Whoever heard of an ugly Irish girl? The thing's impossible!

No. 10. SONG (Capt. Worthington)

There's a spot in the world that is always green,
 And green is its mem'ry, too!
 'Tis the fairest of gardens that eye hath seen,
 All set in an ocean blue.
 Oh, the dancing eyes set the heart aflame,
 And the rosy cheeks put the dawn to shame,—
 For an Irish girl is not the same
 As other girls are to you!
 Picturesque, romantic Ireland,
 Well-belov'd, much-to-admire land!
 'Neath your sunny skies so blue,
 I could live my whole life through!
 Tender thoughts of dear old Erin
 O'er the world your sons are bearin',—
 Ireland dear, my heart's for you,—
 May your troubles soon be few!
 Oh, I've travelled far and I've travelled fast,
 O'er valley and dale and down;
 And I've come to the parting of ways at last—
 Success may my wand'rings crown!
 For I've come in search of a jewel rare,
 And I wonder whether for me she'll care—
 Will I find her free? Will I find her fair?
 This lass of Lim'rick Town!

(Chorus enter, R. and L., during the singing of the last line or two of the song. At the conclusion of the Refrain, Chorus repeats the singing of "Picturesque, romantic Ireland." etc.)

POM. Ah, here are some of the Irish girls, by my soul! Glad to meet you, my dears! (He bows to them with a flourish.)

A GIRL. Welcome to our city, sir! (Curtseying.)

A MAN. An' what may you be after, sir?

POM. Well, candor compels me to admit that I'm after a wife. I am to marry Miss Rose McCoy!

ALL. It is the Captain!

POM. Yes, it is the Captain. And—(hesitatingly)—is Rose among you?

A GIRL. There is none so fair as Rose among us, sir!

POM. (enthusiastically). By Jove, then Rose must be fair indeed! But where may I find her, good people?

A GIRL. Since you ask, I would say—speaking of angels—here she comes! (She looks off R., as do all the others.)

No. 11. CHORUS.

Watch him greet his bride-to-be,
 Watch her cheeks grow rosy!
 Unlike modern lovers, he
 Don't look dull and prosey!
 Greet the bridegroom, greet the bride
 On this happy morning!
 Ah, the blush she cannot hide,
 Her fair cheek adorning!
 Hither comes the bride to be;
 Watch her cheeks grow rosy red.
 See him greet her happily,
 He the man she soon will wed!
 He the lover, she the maid,
 That's the way the world goes 'round;
 He emboldened, she afraid,
 Till each other's heart they've found.
 Happy lovers! Happy lovers!
 Time discovers each a mate!
 Hither comes the bride-to-be,—
 Kismet! Kismet! It is fate!

(Enter Rose, Betty and Judge Hooley, R. 3)

ROSE. It is he!

BETTY. *Ssh!* Remember!

POM. (*bowing*). Judge Hooley, I believe?

HOOLEY. The same. And you, sir?

POM. Capt. Pomeroy Worthington, at your service!

HOOLEY (*aside*). Good! If looks count for anything, they're in his favor. (*To Pom*) I am glad to meet you, sir. Here are my two wards,—this is Rose (*indicating Rose*)—ah, er—I mean, *this is Rose* (*indicating Betty, who curtsies*)—and this (*indicating Rose, who also curtsies*) is Betty! (*aside*) Whew! (*mops his brow*) It's the hardest task in the world to be a good liar!

POM. (*bowing*). This is indeed a pleasure, ladies. (*To Betty*) And so you are Rose? (*aside*) Charming! Excellent! She'll do! But just the same, I—(*turning to them*) Ladies, will you and the Judge join me in a little cooling refreshment, just to break the ice, as it were?

HOOLEY. We do not take ice in ours, Captain!

POM. (*turning to crowd*). Be my guests on this happy occasion! (*Leading the way with Betty to the Inn*) I ask you *all* to join me!

HOOLEY. In that case, as the indoor accommodations are limited, sir, they had best go 'round to the garden and enjoy your hospitality *al fresco*.

POM. By all means.

(*Exeunt all, L., except Pom and Betty. He offers her his arm. She takes it. They pause at the Inn door.*)

POM. And so you are really Rose?

BETTY. Yes! Do you like me?

POM. (*warmly*). Rather! (*They go into the Inn.*)

(Enter Mrs. O'Flynn and Justin from House, L.)

MRS. O'FLYNN. My son, you will have to look to your laurels! I saw the Captain from the window, and he's a likely young fellow indeed!

JUSTIN. What do I care, mother? It would be all the same were he as poor in looks as Betty is in purse. He's *got* to marry Rose, and that's all *there* is to it.

MRS. O'FLYNN. Yes, but if the girls really succeed in carrying out their plan, he will marry *Betty*, thinking she is Rose!

JUSTIN. Then I shall be obliged to bring a suit to annul such a marriage!

MRS. O'FLYNN. Indade! And on what grounds?

JUSTIN. On the grounds that I need a fee badly. But come on, mother, **we must join the merry throng and see what is doing!**

(*As they exit, R. 3, noise of merrymakers heard from rear of Inn.*)

(*Enter Capt. Worthington, from Inn.*)

POM. Too much toasting for me! I must have time to collect my breath and my thoughts. And so! They think they've fooled me, do they! They're not as smart as they're pretty. Let's see,—*what* did father say? "Be careful of their tricks, my lad," says he, "and be sure that you get *mixed up with the right girl!*" Mixed up! I should say so! I'll bet they've changed places and names, both of 'em! Why wouldn't they? All the circumstances of this romantic engagement encourage the fact that they *should*. All right. Let's see! I *have* to marry Rose—sacred promise, and all that sort of thing—besides, our family needs the money. Well, then, Rose is the one I must make up to! So I'll have to switch my eyes from Betty to Rose,—or rather, from Rose to Betty. Oh, confound it! This is *very* confusing! Anyhow, *one* thing is clear. I *like* Betty, who says she's Rose—and I'll swear *isn't!*—and I wish I could believe she *is* Rose! But, no, no! I'm too smart for that! I must transfer all my attentions to the other—to Rose, the *real* Rose—the Rose with the bank-roll. Ah, she comes!

(*Enter Rose, from Inn*)

ROSE. We were looking for you, Capt. Worthington.

POM. Don't call me "Capt. Worthington", *Betty!* Call me "Pom."

ROSE. It sounds so absurd,

POM. I know it. But you'll get to like it when you get to like *me!*

ROSE (*aside*). Very forward, I must say! (*To him*) Had you not better keep such confidences for my cousin Rose, sir, to whom you are betrothed?

POM. (*aside*). Ah, she's clever! But she can't fool me! (*To her*) But, Betty, I can't help loving you, somehow. Your style of *beauty*, your *possessions*—

ROSE (*astonished*). My *possessions!*

POM. (*hastily*). I mean your *graces*, your *excellencies*, your *eyes*, your *hair*, your *smile*, and all that sort of thing, dont-you-know!

ROSE. Oh!

POM. Your cousin, of course, is charming—*very* charming, no doubt!—but,—

ROSE. But, Capt. Worthington, you have *got* to marry *her*. You have no choice.

POM. (*indignantly*). No choice! Must filthy lucre, then, take precedence over a loyal heart? Must I marry Rose and her money to fatten my *bank account* and lose *you* and your beauty to starve my very *soul*?

ROSE (*aside*). He speaks beautifully! But I don't believe a word of it! There's something underlying all this. (*To Pom*) Come, sir, you had better rejoin your guests. (*She goes into Inn. The Captain follows her.*)

(*Enter Betty, R. 3*)

BETTY. Ah, me! What a splendid fellow he is! I wonder if Rose *likes* him as much as I do? And I wonder if he really *will* fall in love with me, thinking I am Rose? Why, that would be dreadful! He'd even want to *marry* me, I suppose, and I wouldn't know whether it was I or the money he was after! Ah, well, let's hope he will *really* fall in love with the *real* Rose, and so satisfy his heart and his pocket-book at the same time. (*She turns toward Inn, listening to the sounds of revelry. Then she runs to the door and collides with Pom., who is again coming out.*)

POM. Ah, here you are, Rose! We've been looking for you! (*She tries to pass him*) No! Come here! I want to tell you something, *Rose!*

No. 12. DUET (Capt. Worthington and Betty)

POM.

Oh, Rose, you cannot close your ears,

For have I not the right, dear,

To say it certainly appears

We're in an equal plight, dear?

It seems I have to wed you, Rose,—

BETTY

And is that such a task, sir?
Perhaps you wish me dead,—who knows!
What is it you would ask, sir?

POM.

Your eyes are bright, your face is fair to see!
I'm wond'ring if you'd really like to be
The wife of him who sings this song to you!
If he should ask you now to answer "Yes",—what would you do?

BETTY

What could I do, what could I say?
The whole thing's cut and dried, sir;—
Though at the prospect yesterday
I almost could have died, sir!
But for release in vain I sighed,—

POM.

I swear by Heav'n above you,
I'm half persuaded now that I'd
Not find it hard to love you!

TOGETHER

(My) eyes are bright, (my) face is fair to see!
(Your) eyes are bright, (your) face is fair to see!
(He's) wond'ring if (I'd) really like to be
(I'm) wond'ring if (she'd) really like to be
The wife of him who woos with ardor young,—
The answer must be left unsaid, although the song is sung!

(During the last four lines of the Duet, Justin has entered, but steps back quickly into the porch and watches them surreptitiously. Capt. Worthington and Betty exit R. 3, and Justin steps out.)

JUSTIN. Upon my word, I believe the man is making *real* love to Betty! A pretty hole he'll find himself in with his father if he does. *(Producing a letter)* Here's a letter from the old gentleman. *(Reads the address)* "Capt. P. Worthington, care of Justin O'Flynn, Esquire, Attorney." Good! I see a fee out of the case yet! Well, this looks as if it might be important. I'll not give it to him now. *(Looks towards Inn)* He might lose it.

(Enter Mrs. O'Flynn from Inn)

MRS. O'FLYNN. Come, son, I'm a little tired. Take me home.

JUSTIN. Very well, mother. *(Takes her arm and sees her to door.)* Take this letter and put it in a safe place. Maybe there's money in it.

MRS. O'FLYNN *(looking at it)*. As it isn't addressed to us, there probably is! *(She goes into house with the letter. Justin goes back stage towards R. 3, and stays there half-concealed.)*

(Enter Pom. and Rose from Inn)

ROSE. But I tell you, you are wasting your time! How dare you make love to me when it is my cousin Rose you are to marry?

POM. That's why I'm making love to you! You see, I want to make Rose jealous. If a girl isn't jealous, she can't really love a fellow, you know.

ROSE. Are you sure that is your only object? Are you *sure* you're not in earnest with me?

POM. You *know* I am obliged to marry Rose, so why should I *not* be in earnest with you?

ROSE *(perplexed)*. Really, I'll be wondering who I *am* in a minute. This thing is setting me crazy. *(To Pom)* Why don't you put things more plainly, Capt. Worthington?

POM. Since you wish, my charming Betty, I *will* put things plainly. If you were Rose, would you marry me if I asked you to?

ROSE. If I *were* Rose, I should *have* to, so why *ask* me?

POM. (*triumphantly*). Exactly! I don't *have* to ask. I take it for granted you will marry me because you *have* to!

ROSE. Of course,—er, that is to say, if I *were* Rose!

POM. (*aside*). She *is*! I'm positive of it! The money's safe. I wish I was! (*To Rose*) And tonight we will settle matters formally with everybody, and straighten this thing all out, and—(*While he is speaking, he is leading Rose off until they exit together, L. 3.*)

JUSTIN (*coming forward*). The plot thickens. I wish I could fathom that captain's game. But a lawyer knows nothing unless he's paid for it.

(*Enter Pat from Inn*)

PAT. Oh, Mr. O'Flynn! Such doings! The brave captain has invited ivvrybody to sup with him tonight, at *my* inn and *his* expinse!

(*Enter Chorus, with Mike and Molly, followed by Judge Hooley, and Betty, R.*)

No. 13. FINALE (*Act I*)

Chorus

Oh, Mr. O'Flynn, tonight at the inn,
There'll be turkey and chicken and mutton;
And of good things to drink there'll be plenty, we *think*,
To satisfy any chance glutton.
Apple pie and rice pudding and cheeses galore,
The tables and side-board adorning;
Oh, Mr. O'Flynn, tonight at the inn
We'll join in the revels till morning!

PAT

Yes, yes! I'll show you all how I can cater!
In such a role I am no small pertater!

Chorus

Hurrah! We'll see how Pat himself can cater!
He says himself he is no second-rater.
We'll not believe one moment he in such a role would prove to be
A small and insignificant pertater!

JUDGE HOOLEY

We'll forget our woes and troubles,
Problems all will be ignored;
While his efforts Pat redoubles
At the gay and festive board!

BETTY

Ah, my heart is beating faster!
Though I know not why or how,
I am fearful of disaster
If our plan miscarries now!

(*Enter Pom and Rose, L. 1*)

ROSE (*going to Betty*) The man is proving most exasperating!

BETTY What is it, Beauty?

ROSE With ardor he keeps on expatiating
About his duty!

He says he knows that it is Rose

He has come here to woo,—

So tell me why his ardent eye

Seems blind, my dear, to *you*?

Why does he seek to make himself

Agreeable to *me*?

BETTY Perhaps he knows that I'm *not* Rose!

ROSE Impossible!

POM.

Ah, see!

Such a dainty, pretty pair of most attractive cousins!
 Can't deny how happy I with either one could be!
 Girls I've seen by hundreds, girls by scores, and girls by dozens,
 But I ne'er beheld a pair who looked so good to me!
 But 'tis Rose I have to marry. Yet my task is not a light one;
 Though both are fair as roses, I must exercise great care to pick the right one!

(Enter Mrs. O'Flynn from house, with letter)

MRS. O'FLYNN

A letter for you, Captair, from Sir Charles!

(Pom takes it)

POM.

Ah, yes! From dear old Dad!

(He tears it open and reads)

"My dearest Pomeroy, I take
 My pen within my hand;
 I trust this letter finds you well
 In dear old Ireland.
 Your mother says she'll come with me
 To see what you are up to.
 We'll bring the servants right along,
 The tom-cat and the pup, too."

Chorus

That's nice! That's thoughtful!
 They're going to bring the servants and
 The tom-cat and the pup, too!

POM (pretending to read on, but merely humming)

"Um-m-m-m-m, Um-m-m-m-m * * *"

Ah, no! I'll read the rest some other day.
 It would not interest you! Let's be gay!

(He crushes the letter into his pocket, but it drops unseen by anyone except Molly, who picks it up surreptitiously during the singing that follows.)

JUDGE HOOLEY (to Pom)

Tonight, oh, gallant Captain, unless fatigue you tells on,
 We'll all be at the Inn, young sir,—we'll all be there with bells on!

FULL CHORUS AND PRINCIPALS

Molly mine! Molly mine!

Etc.

(CURTAIN)

End of Act I.

ACT II.

(Entrance Hall of Judge Hooley's home. Evening. The Judge is about to give a reception in honor of his ward's betrothal to Capt. Worthington. The scene should show an open fireplace, left, with doors R. 1, R. 2, L. 1, and L. 2. The front door is in the centre, with outer doors if there is sufficient stage room. Large window on either side of front door. When the curtain rises, the Judge with Rose and Betty, are discovered awaiting the arrival of their guests. These enter through front door in pairs at first and then in groups.)

No. 14. OPENING SOLOS AND CHORUS.

HOOLEY (looking at watch) 'Tis nine o'clock. Our guests should be arriving!
 But guests are always late.

Each fears to be the first, so each is striving
 To see how long the other guest will wait.

BETTY

The ladies hate to leave the toilet table,
 Though why they always linger, goodness knows!

ROSE They love to stay as long as they are able
To put an extra dab of powder on their nose!
HOOLEY Ah, here they come! (Enter 1st couple)
Good evening, Miss O'Donnell!
'Tis half an hour we've been expecting you!
And you,—ah, yes! 'tis Mister Tim O'Connell,—
How do you do! How do you do!

ROSE and BETTY How do you do!
(They all shake hands)

(As the next three couples arrive the same business is continued)

HOOLEY Well, well, here come Mister and Missus Granger!
Right glad are we to welcome you to-night!
BETTY Upon my word, dear madam, you're a stranger!
ROSE To see you, Mister Granger, is delight!
HOOLEY Oh, look who's here! 'Tis Maude and Fanny Dooley!
How are you? And you, too, Dennis O'Day!
Ah, now they come!

BETTY Yes, yes, the ice is broken!
ROSE, BETTY and HOOLEY The night is fair; balmy the air,
And things will soon be gay!

(As the guests continue to enter they start singing)

CHORUS

We're out to-night to enjoy ourselves,
We're all dressed up in our best.
With feasting we will employ ourselves,
We'll tackle the food with zest.
With dignity we'll comport ourselves,
As we eat and drink to-night;
For there're few things better, we've taught ourselves,
Than a jolly good appetite!

MEN ONLY

Oh, we'll dance with the girls in an old quadrille,
Of waltz and gavotte we will have our fill;
And we'll keep up the fun all night until
The sun is rising in the morning!

GIRLS ONLY

We will dance with you in the minuet,
Of the lancers gay we will have a set;
And we'll none of us go home, you bet,
'Till the morrow comes a-dawning!

ALL

We're out to-night to enjoy ourselves,

Etc.

(Exeunt Chorus R. and L., with Judge Hooley)

ROSE. The captain's been here a week and he's still making love to me!

BETTY (sighing). I can't understand it! (Aside) Making love to "Betty"! Ah, if only he were! (to Rose) What are we going to do about it? I'm afraid you'll have to marry him, after all, Rose!

ROSE. Well, that wouldn't be so bad if I really thought it was me he wanted to marry. But it isn't. It's my wretched money.

BETTY. How can you say that when he knows "Betty" has no money? He thinks you are Betty, and yet he goes on making love to you!

ROSE. But there's something about his love-making that doesn't strike me as just right, Betty.

BETTY (brightening). Yes? How, Rose?

ROSE. Well, I hardly know! It seems to me it's something like what's left in a bottle of milk after you've taken the cream off!

BETTY. You think his love watery, do you?

ROSE. I only know his ardor is damp. He looks at you sometimes, Betty, with a look that he never gives me!

BETTY (*demurely*). Oh, do you think so, Rose? Perhaps when he does that, he is wondering how he'll like "Rose" for a wife! (*Aside*) I *hope* so,—oh, I *hope* so! (*to Rose*) You mustn't forget that he thinks he has got to marry me—me, the false Rose!—and naturally he's trying to get used to it!

(*Enter Capt. Worthington, centre*)

No. 15. TRIO (*Betty, Rose and Capt. Worthington*)

POM. Good evening, ladies! Here I am,
A trifle late, I must admit.

ROSE Oh, my! I wonder if he heard!

BETTY He really don't look fussed a bit!

POM. Pray, what were you two girls so busily talking about?

My ears are burning,—was it I you talked of?

BETTY and ROSE No doubt!

We were wond'ring whether you really knew
Your own mind,—

POM. What a fall!

ROSE Also we wondered whether you
Had any old mind at all!

ROSE and BETTY For a man in love should surely know

Just how to go about it,—

POM. Confound my heart! My affairs would go
Much better, I think, without it.

ALL THREE

Oh, the heart is no doubt necessary,

But occasionally it is very

Obtuse, unreliable,

Hardly so pliable

As one could wish it to be.

The mind that you keep in your attic

Could easily prove more emphatic

If it wasn't affected

By something connected

Elsewhere with your a-nat-o-my!

'Tis the heart! 'Tis the heart!

'Tis the heart that most people have need of.

When the Mind says, "Do *this!*" and the Heart says, "Do *that!*"

'Tis the heart you had better take heed of!

POM. Great news, girls! My father and mother arrive to-night. Now *nothing* will be wanting to complete the happiness of this occasion! Come, my bride-to-be, let us mingle with the guests! (*At the words, "bride-to-be," both Betty and Rose turn to him expectantly; then both laugh in embarrassment at their mistake. Pom continues, not noticing this action at all, apparently.*) Well, Rose, are you not coming? (*He looks directly at neither, but Rose starts forward, then recovers herself and bites her lip.*) (*Aside*) Ah, ha! What did I say all along? But I must keep this up for the present. It is too early to declare myself! (*To Betty*) Come, Rose! (*He gives Betty his hand, smiling, and they exit R. 2. Enter Molly, dressed as a waitress, L. 2.*)

ROSE. How vexing! I nearly gave myself away that time!

MOLLY (*approaching her*). Excuse me, Miss Rose. I don't want to see you give yourself away. That's why I'm here.

ROSE. If it isn't Molly! What are you doing here?

MOLLY. Helping wait on table to-night, miss. But—(*looking around*)—I'm worried.

ROSE. Worried?

MOLLY. Yes. I've been worried for a week, miss. Ever since I picked this up! (*Producing a letter.*)

ROSE (*looking at it*). Why, it's Capt. Worthington's letter! Have you read it, Molly?

MOLLY. Ye-e-e-s, miss!

ROSE (*sternly*). Why!

MOLLY. Oh, miss, because—because—oh, because I'm a woman, I suppose! (*naively*) All women are fond of reading!

ROSE. So you know the contents of this letter, do you? Are they important?

MOLLY. I think they're important to *you*, Miss Rose.

ROSE (*aside*). Well, I suppose I ought to find out what she knows in order to keep her from mischief. (*to Molly*) You may go, Molly. I will return this letter to the captain.

MOLLY. Very well, miss. But you'll read it, won't you?

ROSE (*with dignity*). I, too, am a woman, Molly!

(Exit Molly, L. 2)

(Rose takes letter from envelope and proceeds to read to herself humming to the music theme that accompanies this action. Music ceases.)

ROSE. * * * What's this? (*she reads aloud*) “* * * Be sure and keep your eye on the right girl, my son. Don't be fooled by any nonsense the cousins may try on you. Doubtless, like all young women whose heads are full of romantic nonsense, they will change places or something of that sort and pretend to be other than they are. But I trust to your good sense, which you inherited from your father, to avoid getting mixed up with the wrong one. Your unerring instinct will tell you which is the girl with the money, anyway. That is the girl for you, my boy, and don't you forget it.” (*Rose sinks into a chair*) Oh, this is dreadful! This is positively insulting! (*Capt. Worthington enters quietly, R. 2, stops and listens*). So he is after my money! I knew it all the time! He doesn't care a rap about me; it's all the miserable money!

POM. (*coming to her*). Why, Betty! (*Rose starts*). How can you say that? Have I not made love to you, Betty?

ROSE (*indignantly*). Made love to me! To my money, you mean, sir!

POM. But, Betty, you *haven't* any money! It is Rose who has the money, isn't it?

ROSE (*confused*). Oh, what am I saying? This is dreadful! Sir, I will have nothing more to do with you! I will *never* marry you! If it be money you are after, confine your attentions to my cousin Rose! As you yourself have reminded me, it is Rose who has the money,—not Betty! Now, go!

POM. (*politely*). Then I have your permission to make my addresses to your cousin?

ROSE. My permission is unnecessary. You are *obliged* to do so! In case you forget that obligation, here is your letter, sir! (*She gives it to him; he takes it, smiling*) Go to your Rose, Captain, and let us hope you'll find no thorns! (*She exits hurriedly, R. 1.*)

POM. Phew!! I'm glad *that's* over! It was positively disagreeable. And now for my Betty! Ah, Betty, if I leave Ireland without you, 'twill not be for long! I shall hear you calling me to come back!

No. 16. SONG (*Capt. Worthington*)

“Come back, beloved,” a soft voice is calling,

Calling to me in the silence of night.

Memory's echoes are rising and falling,—

I see your smile like a vision of light!

Why did I wander away from my loved one?

Here among strangers my heart's sad and lone.

Far, far away, dear; night-time and day, dear,

I hear you pleading to come back, my own!

“Come back, beloved,” your soft voice is calling,

Calling me home to be with you once more;

Hopes now are rising that long have been falling,—

“Come back, beloved!”—I hear you, ashore!

(Enter Betty, L. 1.)

POM. Ah, Rose! How beautiful you look to-night!

BETTY (*cheerfully*). Do I?

POM. Do you know, Rose, I'd like to ask you a question!

BETTY. All right! What is it?

POM. Will you marry me, Rose?

BETTY (*startled*). Oh! (*aside*) Now what am I going to say? Who am I? He thinks I'm Rose, after all. If I say "Yes", it will get him in trouble. If I say "No", it will spoil the plan!

POM. (*taking her in his arms*). Do you love me, Rose?

BETTY. Betty loves you! (*Justin is seen, L. 2. He hesitates.*)

POM. But do you love me?

BETTY (*struggling*). Betty loves you, I said!

POM. Then you are Betty, are'n't you?

BETTY (*suddenly*). Yes!

POM. Oh, joy! Say it again, then!

BETTY. "Betty loves you!"

POM. And you'll marry me?

BETTY (*ruefully*). I suppose I'll have to, now!

(*Justin comes forward from L. 2*)

JUSTIN. Congratulations, young people! Sir,—(*to Pom*)—you have done me a good turn!

POM. And you, sir, have given me a good turn, I do assure you! Were you watching us?

JUSTIN. I do not believe in interrupting a good thing. But mum's the word!

(*Enter Hooley, Mrs. O'Flynn and Chorus, R. 1 and R. 2*)

HOOLEY. It is too bad that Maggie Maguire isn't here. Poor girl!—he must have suffered terribly.

MRS. O'FLYNN. What happened to her, Judge?

HOOLEY. Alas! What has *not* happened to her!

No. 17. SONG (*Judge Hooley with Chorus*)

Oh, listen to a tale of woe,
Of fate so grim and dire;
It's all about a girl you know—
Poor skinny Mag Maguire.
Her lover came to her to-day
And said, "Farewell, ashore!"
What could she do, what could she say?
She certainly felt sore.
She fell in twenty kinds of fits,
And then she pulled herself to bits.

(*spoken*) Thus:

She flung her arms to Heaven above,
She snapped her teeth till they cracked;
In grim despair, she tore her hair,
Then she lost her head, that's a fact.
She tossed her chin far in the air,
She lost her self-control;
She cast her eyes down on the floor,—
You could see them fall and roll.
At last she broke off suddenly,
Just where, I cannot say;
And then she broke her heart because
She'd thrown herself away!
Oh, poor Maggie Maguire,—
Trouble for Maggie now ceases!
They got out the broom and they swept up the room
When Maggie Maguire went to pieces!

(*Chorus repeats*)

(*The outer door-bell rings violently*)

HOOLEY. Ah, more arrivals! Let 'em all come!

MRS. O'FLYNN. Who can it be?

POM. It must be father!

BETTY. Oh, dear, whatever will I do *now*?

(*Enter Rose, R. 2*)

ROSE (*to Hooley*). There's a coach and four outside, and servants and baggage and I don't know what! (*To Pom*) I hope you're satisfied, sir! (*Betty clings to Pom*) Don't cling to a broken reed, Betty dear!

JUSTIN. Broken promise, I should say!

(*Enter, through front door, Mr. Partington, Mr. Smith and men servants of Sir Charles, one of whom carries a cat, and another a small dog.*)

No. 18. ENSEMBLE

SMITH and PARTINGTON

Sir Charles and Lady Worthington

In Limerick have arrived.

Her ladyship the ocean voyage

Has happily survived.

It's true when she was on the boat,

So bitter was her cup,

She said, "My plan is all awry,

I think I'll throw it up!"

But she didn't!

SMITH

PARTINGTON

BOTH

No, she didn't!

And that is why you see

The coachman and the butler and

All the rest of the familiee!

MEN SERVANTS CHORUS Oh, Yes! Yes! Yes!

That is just why you see

The coachman and the butler and

All the rest of the familiee!

FULL CHORUS

That's nice! That's thoughtful!

They've brought their blooming servants and

The tom-cat and the pup, too! (*Business*)

PARTINGTON

With measure grave and dignified,

With aspect woe-begone,

Due to the tossing on the Channel-crossing,

Comes Lady Worthington!

SMITH

With pompous pride and smiling face,

To greet his only son,

Hale and hearty, to this festive party

Comes Sir Charles Worthington!

MEN SERVANTS CHORUS With pompous pride and smiling face,

To greet his only son,

Hale and hearty, to this festive party

Comes Sir Charles Worthington,—

FULL CHORUS

Sir Charles and Lady Worthington!

(*Enter Sir Charles and Lady Worthington, through front door*)

HOOLEY. Welcome,—thrice welcome!

POM. Hello, Dad! Glad to see you, mother!

(*The Chorus and all Principals, except Pom, Sir Charles, Lady Worthington and Betty, gradually exeunt; all entrances R. and L., after singing ceases on No. 18.*)

SIR CHARLES. Well, my son, and so this is your promised bride?

POM. This is she! (*He presents Betty.*)

LADY W. Very creditable, I am sure!

SIR CHARLES. You lucky dog! What a charming creature! Really, these Irish are worth cultivating!

LADY W. And such a house, too! I thought Ireland was all bogs and discontent!

SIR CHARLES (*to Pom.*). You've got it all fixed up, my boy? You made no mistake?

POM. No mistake! Look at her! Rich in beauty, rich in youth, rich in love,—

SIR CHARLES (*slyly*). * * * and rich in wealth, eh, Pom? Ah, you sly dog!

POM. Well, as to that—(*hesitating*)—I haven't given it much thought.

SIR CHARLES. *What!* Don't tell me you've been too busy with her *figure* to pay any attention to her *figures*!

BETTY (*interposing*). Oh, Sir Charles, I am as poor as a church mouse!

SIR CHARLES. No, no, my love! That's your coyness!

LADY W. (*comfortably*). We know *all* about it, Rose!

BETTY (*impetuously*). But I'm *not* Rose! I'm only Betty! Pom, tell them!

POM. Well, the fact is, father, that Rose turned me down, and as I was really in love with Betty here all the time, I was glad of it, don't you know!

SIR CHARLES. But the money, my boy,—the money!

POM. The money, father, can go hang!

SIR CHARLES (*wrathfully*). And so, by Christopher, can you! What time's the next boat back?

BETTY. Oh, Pom, see what you've done!

POM. There, there! Never mind, Betty! Let's go to the library. I want to consult an important book.

SIR CHARLES. What book, sir?

POM. The time-table, father! It is the least I can do for you!

(*He takes Betty by the hand and leads her off, R. 1*)

No. 19. DUET (*Sir Charles and Lady Worthington*)

BOTH We braved the rolling ocean billows
When we crossed the Channel to come over here;
Would that we'd stayed among the pillows
In our house in London damp and drear!

LADY W. In this fiasco we must remember
To maintain our old *sang froid*!

SIR CHARLES But, my dear lady, permit me to say
I cannot help but feel annoyed.

BOTH Youth undutiful is not beautiful,
We detest it all things above;
And our attitude towards ingratitude
Is as frowning as it is towards love.

LADY W. We must be magnanimous!

SIR CHARLES What is love, my dear, to us?
Plans frustrated, we're check-mated,—
Pom should have been more solicitous!

BOTH Youth undutiful is not beautiful,
We detest it all things above;
But of things that irritate and exasperate,
Worst of all is the thing called Love!

(DANCE)

(*Sir Charles and Lady W. exeunt L. 1. Enter Hooley and Rose, R. 2*)

HOOLEY. My dear, I feared all along that this deception would end disastrously.

ROSE. But, my dear, Mr. Hooley, you would not have me marry a man I don't love!

HOOLEY. (*doubtfully*) No-o-o-c!

ROSE. And, besides, *he* didn't even love *me*!

HOOLEY. Well, then, there's no love lost between you, which is well. But now what is going to become of the Captain and poor Betty? He can't marry her without a cent between 'em, and the modern stomach cannot subsist on bread and cheese and kisses!

ROSE. They wouldn't be able to buy even the bread and cheese! I have it, Mr. Hooley! I will settle half *my* fortune on Betty the day she marries! I owe her that much for getting me out of a very disagreeable hole!

HOOLEY. That is kind and generous of you, my dear. But,—well, sir, what do you want? (*Partington has entered through front door and stands stiffly before Hooley.*)

PARTINGTON. Beg pawdon, yer washup, but there's a party just drove up in a keb that's arskin' for Judge 'Ooley.

HOOLEY. Who can it be, at this hour?

PARTINGTON. E's a hold gent with whiskers, yer washup, and speaks with a haccent.

HOOLEY. Oblige me by showing him in.

(*Enter Ezra Q. Hicks through front door. He is dressed in exaggerated Yankee farmer style, with a Prince Albert coat that is green and shiny with age, and a rough stove-pipe hat.*)

HICKS. He don't hev to, by heck! Here I am!

HOOLEY. You are welcome, sir, though it is my misfortune that we have been strangers thus far!

HICKS. I've heer'd o' ye, though, Jedge! P'raps ye've even heer'd o' me! —Ezra Q. Hicks, by hen, re-tired farmer an' bustin' with wealth.

(*During the singing of this song, the members of the Chorus come on gradually, all entrances. They all evince much interest in the new-comer.*)

No. 20. SONG (*Ezra Q. Hicks*)

Oh, a farmer's life is a life of strife,
But it's very much worse for the farmer's wife!
Which is how I account for the fact that I
A lonesome bachelor will surely die,
But I've saved my money and here I am,
A loyal nephew of your Uncle Sam!
I've dollars and dollars and dollars to spend,
An' I'm going to have a good time to the very end!

So, hip-hurray for E. Q. Hicks!
The well-known farmer with the spondulix.
I didn't get my dough from the po-ta-to,
But I struck a bit o' luck in Eighty-Six.
I never got nuthin' fer all my toil,
Till the farm one day started spurtin' oil.
That's why folks point to E. Q. Hicks
As the well-known farmer with the spondulix.

One morning I went forth to plow,
An' to coax some milk from my one lean cow,—
When a feller in a buggy comes drivin' by,
An' he caught my fancy an' he caught my eye.
An' he sez, sez he, "Here's a pile o' dough,
I'll buy your old farm, an' on shares we'll go!"
So the wells we sunk,—and the oil come out,—
Oh, a farmer's life is the life, no doubt!

So, hip-hurray for E. Q. Hicks,

Etc.

HOOLEY. Very well, Mr. Hicks. This—(*turning to Rose*)—is—

HICKS. I'll bet my bottom dollar that's Rose McCoy!

HOOLEY. It is, Mr. Hicks, but—(*he pauses in astonished inquiry.*)

HICKS. I knowed her at oncet by the likeness to her mother!

ROSE. My mother!

HICKS. Yes, yer mother, bless her heart! I knoo her an' reklect her well. I'm travellin' a bit to re-kooperate in me old age, an', passin' through Ireland, jest to see ef 'twuz as green as it's sung up to be, thought I'd call at Limerick an' pay my respects to her darter, Rose! An' here she is, by golly!

HOOLEY. This is indeed remarkable. But how—

HICKS. Easy as pie. Her rich old uncle was a pertickler friend o' mine. His sister—that's Rose's mother—came from the old country to Noo England to visit her brother. The baby was born on that visit, much to everyone's surprise an' delight. They named the baby Rose! My dear—(to Rose)—*how* you've growed!

(Enter Sir Charles and Lady Worthington, R. 1)

SIR CHARLES. Good-bye, Judge, we're through!

LADY W. We are much disappointed.

ROSE. I am very sorry.

(Enter Pom, Betty, Justin and Mrs. O'Flynn, L. 2)

SIR CHARLES. Well, it can't be helped! Call the cab!

HICKS. What's all this? Why the hurry?

ROSE. Oh, Mr. Hicks, it's all your friend my uncle's fault! He left me his money, and this gentleman here—(indicating Sir Charles)—wanted his son to marry me, and—

HICKS. *Well?*

HOOLEY. And the son fell in love with my *other* ward, Mr. Hicks. Here she is! (He presents Betty.)

HICKS. Well, what of it?

SIR CHARLES. Sir, since you are so curious, I will condescend to explain. This friend of yours, I understand, left his money to the elder of two nieces, and as Rose is the elder, *she* got the money. I promised my old friend, Donovan McCoy, when he lay dying, that my son should marry his daughter. His daughter is Rose McCoy. It is not my fault that your rich friend in America left Rose his money. It is merely—ahem!—an unfortunate coincidence!

HICKS. But *did* he leave Rose his money?

HOOLEY. Of course. She is the elder of the two.

HICKS. But *is* she the elder of the two? She don't look it.

ROSE (curtseying). Thank you!

HICKS (to Betty). What day wuz you born, miss?

HOOLEY. Betty was born on the 24th of May, 1872, Mr. Hicks.

HICKS. Strange! (to Betty) An' can you remember the hour?

HOOLEY. She can't, Mr. Hicks; but *I* can! It was six o'clock in the morning.

HICKS. It wuz, eh? Waal, let's see! (He produces an old book, a diary, and fumbles in it) I carried this here along thinkin' some of the records an' incidents an' sich might prove interestin'. It's my Diary fer 1872! (He produces a newer book) An' *this* is my Diary fer this year! I never miss a day! Ah, yes; here we are! "May 24—Mrs. McCoy give birth to a darter at five o'clock this morning at her brother's home which she is visitin'. They're going to call the baby Rose."

HOOLEY. Your record is excellent, Mr. Hicks. It *was* five o'clock in the morning that Rose was born, as I myself have long known, and as she knows, too!

SIR CHARLES. That settles it, then! Rose wins by an hour. Sixty minutes between nothing and something, my dear! Come! (He takes Lady W.'s hand as if to lead her off.)

HICKS. Wait a bit! What time is it? (He looks around.)

HOOLEY (consulting his watch). It is now ten minutes to twelve.

HICKS. An' what time would that be in Americkey?

HOOLEY. Well, there's five hours difference in time. That would make it ten minutes to seven in the evening over in America, Mr. Hicks! Are you satisfied?

HICKS. You bet I am! Jist as I hoped! So,—if Rose was born in

Noo England at five o'clock in the morning, it was *ten* o'clock in the morning *here*, warn't it?

HOOLEY. Certainly!

HICKS. An' as *Betty* was born in Limerick at six o'clock that same morning, as the records prove, then *she* had been in the world just *four hours before Rose was born!*

SIR CHARLES. Heavens and earth! That is a fact!

HICKS (*turning to Betty*). So *you*, my dear, are the elder of the two nieces of my old friend and the money therefore belongs to *you!*

BETTY. Oh, Pom! Does it make any difference?

POM. My darling, no matter *how* rich you were, nothing could separate us now!

JUSTIN. Poor Rose!

ROSE (*smiling*). Poor indeed, Mr. O'Flynn! I'm afraid I shall have to go to law about it!

JUSTIN. In that case, come to *me*, Rose! I have always loved you, as you know! We will read the law together and in that way you will learn to love *me!* (*Rose goes to him and he kisses the tips of her fingers.*)

MRS. O'FLYNN. Bless you, my children!

SIR CHARLES. Send the cab away! My dear—(*to Lady W.*)—I think we shall ay, after all!

POM.

I love you little sweetheart, oh, I've loved you all the while!
(*business*) I love your eyes, I love your hands, I love your sunny smile!

BETTY

I'm glad that I am Betty but, dear Pom, do you suppose
That you'd have loved me quite as much if I'd been really Rose?

POM.

"A rose by any other name"—'tis that I'm thinking of!
It's not the name,—'tis you yourself I love, I love, I love!

TOGETHER

It's love that makes the world go 'round,
And puts things on the square!
It's love that makes a story sound
Agreeable anywhere!
It's love that made this story whose
Finale to-night we crown—
And when they ask: "Whom did he choose?"
Just say, "The Lass"—
Just say, "The Lass"—
"The Lass of Limerick Town!"

FULL CHORUS AND PRINCIPALS

It's love that makes the world go round,

Etc.

(CURTAIN)

End of Opera

University of California, Los Angeles

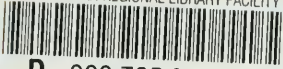


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